The Theosophical FORUM

JUNE 1900

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PERSONALITY.

"What mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, *deep in your heart,* obscures and trammels you! That puts another aspect on it, does it not? I have spoken to you of impersonality before, that it is not the cold abstraction many take it for. No wonder, so feeling, they fear it and flee from it. Who would wish to deprive life of all warmth, all color, all energy, all force! Occultism teaches no such thing. It is a hideous fancy. Occultism wishes, on the contrary, to give more, and sets so high a value on these things, that the whole force and power of them must be transformed to a higher, and therefore more *enduring* plane. They must not be frittered away and lost in illusion and darkness. Let them be *living* things, not dead ones. We want *men* to work for us, not mummies!

"We want the full strength and vigor of the nature—the blaze of ardor—not a feeble flicker. And we want this all carefully garnered, tended and controlled. Dangerous weapons these, in unskilled hands, for they cut both ways. Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition." CAVÉ.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

III.

> " I understand, Socrates. It is because you say
> " that you always have a divine sign. So he is
> " prosecuting you for introducing new things into
> " religion. And he is going into court knowing
> " that such matters are easily misrepresented to
> " the multitude, and consequently meaning to
> " slander you there." *Plato.*

"In many ways, but chiefly by touching their souls direct, in the spiritual world. But that is difficult for you to understand. This is quite intelligible, though. At certain regular periods, they try to give the world at large a right understanding of spiritual things. One of their number comes forth to teach the masses, and is handed down to tradition as the Founder of a religion. Krishna was such a Master; so was Zoroaster; so were Buddha and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavorable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests."

"Have the adepts any secret records of his life?"

"They must have," she answered; "for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master," and she looked at the picture of the splendid Rajput; "there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them, he said: 'This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.'

"But that is not the only work of the adepts. At much shorter periods, they send forth a messenger to try to touch the world. Such a period comes in the last quarter of each century, and the Theosophical Society represents their work for this epoch."

"How does it benefit mankind?"

"How does it benefit you to know the laws of life? Does it not help you to escape sickness and death? Well, there is a soul-sick-

ness, and a soul-death. Only the true teaching of Life can cure them. The dogmatic churches, with their hell and damnation, their metal heaven and their fire and brimstone, have made it almost impossible for thinking people to believe in the immortality of the soul. And if they do not believe in a life after death, then they have no life after death. That is the law."

"How can what people believe possibly affect them? Either it is or it isn't, whatever they may believe."

"Their belief affects them in this way. Their life after death is made by their aspirations and spiritual development unfolding in the spiritual world. According to the growth of each, so is his life after death. It is the complement of his life here. All unsatisfied spiritual longings, all desires for higher life, all aspirations and dreams of noble things, come to flower in the spiritual life, and the soul has its day, for life on earth is its night. But if you have no aspirations, no higher longings, no beliefs in any life after death, then there is nothing for your spiritual life to be made up of; your soul is a blank."

"What becomes of you then?"

"You reincarnate immediately, almost without an interval, and without regaining consciousness in the other world."

"Suppose, on the other hand, you do believe in heaven, say the orthodox El Dorado?"

"Your fate after death is this. You have first to pass through what we call Kama Loka, the world of desire, the borderland, in which the soul is purged of the dross of animal life; of all its passions and evil desires. These gradually work themselves out, and having no fresh fuel to keep them burning, they slowly exhaust themselves. Then the soul rises to what we call Devachan, the state which is distorted in the orthodox teaching of heaven. Each soul makes its own Devachan, and sees around it those whom it most loved on earth, enjoying happiness in their company. If you believed in the orthodox heaven, you see the golden city and the gates of pearl; if you believed in Shiva's paradise, you find yourself in the midst of many-armed gods; the Red-man sees the happy hunting grounds, and the philosopher enters into the free life of the soul. In all cases, your spirit gathers new strength for a fresh incarnation."

"Must you come back? Is there no escape?"

"If your material desires are unexhausted at death, you must. Desires are forces, and we believe in the conservation of force You must reap the seed of your own sowing, and reap it where it was sowed. Your new life will be exact result of your deeds in your preceding life. No one can escape the punishment of his sins, any more than he can escape the reward of his virtues. That is the law of Karma. You must go on being reborn till you reach Nirvana."

"Well, it seems to me that all that is more or less contained in the orthodox beliefs, only a good deal distorted."

"Yes," she answered; "that is just it. The orthodoxies do contain the truth, but their followers do not understand it; they put forth teachings which no intelligent man can accept, and so we are all drifting into atheism and materialism. But when we Theosophists show them how to interpret their teachings, it will be quite different. Then they will see how much truth they had, without knowing it. The stories in Genesis, for instance, are all symbols of real truths; and the account of the Creation there, and of Adam and Eve has far more real truth than Darwinism, once you understand it. But that can only be done by Theosophy."

"How would you, as a Theosophist, set about it?"

"Well," she answered; "In two ways; first, by giving out the truth, as it is taught to-day in the occult schools, and then by the comparative method; by setting people to study the Aryan and other Eastern Scriptures, where they will find the other halves of so many things that have proved stumbling-blocks in the Bible."

"For instance?"

"Take that very teaching of heaven and hell and purgatory. The sacred books of India light up the whole of it, and make it a thoroughly philosophic and credible teaching. But you must study the Oriental religions before you can fully understand what I say. Remember that in the Old Testament there is absolutely no teaching of the immortality of the soul, while in the New Testament it is inextricably confused with the resurrection of the body. But the Upanishads have the real occult and spiritual doctrine."

"Well, I can thoroughly understand and sympathize with that; and to put forth any such teaching at a time like this, when we are all drifting into materialism, would seem a big enough work for any school of adepts and Masters. I can see how the teaching of

rebirth would make life far more unselfish and humane, and therefore far happier. What else do you teach, as Theosophists?"

"Well, Sir! I am being cross-examined this evening, it would seem," she answered with a smile, and rolled me another cigarette, making herself one also, and lighting up with evident relish. "We teach something very old, and yet which needs to be taught. We teach universal brotherhood."

"Don't let us get vague and general. Tell me exactly what you mean by that."

"Let me take a concrete case," she said; and glanced meditatively at her secretary, who had been listening quietly and with serious and sincere interest to all she had been saying, even though he had heard much of it from her times and again. He began to grow a little uneasy under her gaze, and she noticed it and instantly fastened upon him.

"Take the English," she said, and looked at him with those potent blue eyes of hers, as though he in his own person must answer for the sins of his race.

"H. P. B.," he said, rising with a sigh from the table; I think I had really better go upstairs and go on copying out the manuscript of the *Secret Doctrine;*" and he disappeared.

"Do you think he will?" said H. P. B. with a smile of infinite good-humor. "Not he; he will cuddle into his arm-chair, smoke endless cigarettes, and read a blood and thunder novel." She was mistaken, however. When I went upstairs to say good-bye, he was in the armchair, serenely smoking, it is true; but it was a detective story. He sat upon it, and said something about getting to work.

"Take the English," she repeated. "How cruel they are! How badly they treat my poor Hindoos!"

"I have always understood that they had done a good deal for India in a material way," I objected.

"India is a well-ventilated jail," she said; "it is true they do something in a material way, but it is always three for themselves and one for the natives. But what is the use of material benefits, if you are despised and trampled down morally all the time? If your ideals of national honor and glory are crushed in the mud, and you are made to feel all the time that you are an inferior race,—a lower order of mortals,—pigs, the English call them, and sincerely be-

lieve it. Well, just the reverse of that would be universal brotherhood. Do them less good materially,—not that they do so very much, besides collecting the taxes regularly; and respect their feelings a little more. The English believe that the 'inferior races' exist only to serve the ends of the English; but we believe that they exist for themselves, and have a perfect right to be happy in their own way. No amount of material benefit can compensate for hurting their souls and crushing out their ideals. Besides there is another side of all that, which we as Theosophists always point out. There are really no 'inferior races', for all are one in our common humanity; and as we have all had incarnations in each of these races, we ought to be more brotherly to them. They are our wards, entrusted to us; and what do we do? We invade their lands, and shoot them down in sight of their own homes; we outrage their women, and rob their goods, and then with smooth-faced hyprocrisy we turn round and say we are doing it for their good. There are two bad things: hyprocrisy and cruelty; but I think if I had to choose, I would prefer cruelty. But there is a just law," she went on; and her face was as stern as Nemesis; "the false tongue dooms its lie; the spoiler robs to render. 'Ye shall not come forth, until ye have paid the uttermost farthing'."

"So that is what the adepts sent you forth to teach?"

"Yes," she answered; "that and other things;—things which are very important, and will soon be far more important. There is the danger of black magic, into which all the world, and especially America, is rushing as fast as it can go. Only a wide knowledge of the real psychic and spiritual nature of man can save humanity from grave dangers.'"

"Witch-stories in this so-called nineteenth century, in this enlightened age?"

To be continued.

A MORE PERFECT UNION.

Even materialistic science is compelled to admit that the potency of all things, the form and quality of life antedates all evolution, lies back of all matter. In the "nebulous mass" or the "fire-mist" lay concealed all formative and functional energy, the prototype of all that has existed or will ever exist in outer form.

Creation, dissolution, and re-formation is the eternal process.

A Master is evidently one who knows the underlying law, the times and seasons, and so works with nature, taking advantage of her tides, and so knows no defeat, and is never disappointed.

There has been too much lamentation over the segregation of the old Theosophical Society. Who is to blame for it? whether it might have been prevented? and how? are questions that do not now concern us. The *fact* is on the scroll of Karma and cannot be effaced. What *use* can be made of it? The disjointed members have broadened the field of action. Tradition, and dogmatism, and authority so essential, or inevitable in compact organization have, at least, been checked.

Do we still adhere to the Secret Doctrine? believe in Masters and the perfectibility of man, and honor the memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky? If so, with all our added experiences what is to hinder us from "forming a more perfect union?" Would any of us rather acknowledge defeat for the Great Work, than admit that *we* may have been to blame? Are our petty spites and jealousies and opinions more dear to us than that Brotherhood that we have heralded with trumpets? Can we seriously look each other in the face without laughing at our own folly? If disintegration is apparent defeat, what is to hinder us from turning it into sure and speedy victory by co-operation and a more perfect union?

Opinions, and personalities, and leadership, may be put on the reserve list, take a back seat. Let each be true to his own convictions, and acknowledge in his own heart the obligations he feels and owes to any, great or small, but that need not disturb another. It should be respected by all. If I have made mistakes and am sincere, I do not need another to point them out. That were an offense tending only to delay reformation. During these days of trial, of disintegration, a new society, *a more perfect union* has been silently forming, for the truths for which we stand are eternal. The only question is, who are ready to unite? Who will help to form a more perfect union? on a basis so broad as to open wide the door for every sincere student of the Secret Doctrine, for every believer in Theosophy in the world, with tolerance for every one and everything but intolerance, and with blind loyalty to nothing but the simple Truth, each for himself *as he sees it*. For such a more perfect union I, for one, am ready *Now*.

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THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY.

II.

Nine-tenths of human power is used in mere strife, force neutralizing force, as in a tug of war. Yet the remaining tenth suffices for our bodily needs. Imagine then what splendid excess of power, what universal wealth of will is before us, once we learn the law.

Our sensual tragedy is not untouched with grim humor and palpable retribution. Of the formative sex, a part finds its whole purpose in ministering to sensation, and for this good gift demands luxurious living and immunity from work. The vassals go forth in the chill dawn, returning only in the twilight; dwarfing their powers in hireling tasks of mere repetition, they grow daily duller and more akin to earth, till even the senses they worship can give them no more joy. Their enthroned sovereigns pay penalty also in the infinite futility of their lives, which even conceit cannot gild to any brightness; they are punished too in the growing dullness of their mates. Then for both that mound beneath the cypresses, and infinitely merciful death.

Happily for us, much of our lives is still within the realm of pure animal instinct, like the love of family, and the ideal of bodily strength and beauty. For instinct is the voice of revelation to the natural world. It is more; it is our sole evidence of outward reality. Reason can never give this sense of reality; for reason, the natural world is but a web of dreams. But instinct expressed through muscular effort gives us our true hold on natural life. We are held in place among the stars and worlds by a web of natural forces co-ordinated with our wills, with our instinctive powers. Reason can only generalize on these. Reason can never explain or guide.

All of our work is blest which flows from instinct, carried on without reasoning or calculated motive, but arising from an inward enthusiasm and necessity. Such is the work of all true artists, inventors, builders in every realm; they draw their instant inspiration from the ideal world, and work joyfully, resting in creative will. But so stringent is the law, that the moment men or nations fall below the inspiration of the will, and fix their eyes upon wealth and possessions, their power ebbs; all access to new regions of nature, all new command of force is impossible for them, and they are presently

outstripped in the race by some other man or nation whose vision is still in the ideal world. Even of organized murder is this true; victory belongs to the men of ideas, never to the materialists. So wholly does power flow from inspiration.

Thus far the natural history of man, most discreditable of animals. But our interest begins only where that chapter ends, and we enter human life. And human life is a history of ideas altogether, of thoughts and passions, of longings and desires, even of visions and dreams; but never a history of material facts. When we leave animal instinct and muscular effort, we leave matter also, and enter the psychic world. No bodily eye has ever beheld the things of man, whether it be power or wealth or pleasure, sorrow or ambition or love.

Yet it cannot be pretended that the tale is all brightness. We are hardly less wrong-hearted in the psychic than in the natural world. We manage to defeat our destiny also here. We are sent forth into this human world to live through intuition, the clear sense of each other's souls. As instinct, the revelation of the divine in animal life, impels us to master the natural world, to replenish the earth and subdue it; so intuition, which is the revelation in man, compels us to enter into the being of each other, that thereby we may infinitely enlarge our own. Nothing is needed for perfect moral health but a clear sense of each other's souls. All our human life, debased and draggled in the dust as it too often is, has yet this golden thread running through it everywhere. It is to the human soul in each other we appeal, even in sin and crime, the black shadows of our humanity. We do not lust after trees and stones; nor do we hate and envy rocks. We do not seek food for vanity from cloud and ocean. Only human souls will serve our turn.

If we are true to this one intuition, we hold the key to boundless life. For the soul is everywhere in all men; it is everywhere different and divine. And our clear intuition, our sense of the gleaming soul in others, makes us freeholders of all their powers. All they have and know and do belongs to us, if we have the strength to take possession. The instinct is in us all; we only need to make if effective. It is the inherent quality of souls to share each others' being; to add each to its own life the life of all others, until every individual is heir to the consciousness and power of all mankind.

But having the intuition of the soul, we straightway fall from our revelation into corrupt imaginings. Instead of aiding the soul to do its perfect work in all, to bring forth such fruits as befit our immortality, we instantly try to wrest the law awry to the ends of our lusts. We would have all these souls bow down before us, ministering to our vanity; we fix our eyes on that longed for tribute instead of fixing it on the other soul; therefore instead of strength, we bring forth weakness, and presently our intuition of the soul is overcast and dimmed. Thus we fall into solitude and desolation.

We forget that all our real strength comes through union, and aspire to be separate and supreme. We set up within our hearts a crowned Caesar in the purple, inviting all mankind to do him homage. But they are doing the like within themselves; there are too many Caesars; the tribute will not go round. Therefore much sorrow and many heart-burnings are the only revenue of our kingdoms. Throughout all high heaven and the wide fields of stellar space there is no law declaring that we are to be worshipped; that homage is due to us. Yet we are miserable for want of it, and go down sorrowing to our graves. The longing to be envied is an even stronger incentive of wealth than the mere desire of sensations; but here also we defeat our end, for the riches are coveted, but their owner inherits only hate and fear.

Every one of us is born with a different nature, different fancy, different desires. Yet it has always been the insanity of men to try to compel each other into a common path, and to suffer the agony of thwarted ambition that inevitable failure brings. Hardly one of us but is cursed with this malady even now, and suffers from its fruitful crop of sorrows. Instead of demanding that others should obey me, should find their purpose in my mind, should follow a pathway traced out for them by my thought and vanity and desire, let me at last learn to take the better way, and admit that each must live for himself, must live from his own genius, following his law, not mine. If I do this, trusting his life to the soul I feel within him, I am instantly conscious of a release of force within myself, an inheritance of power, an inward luminousness, making me certain I have taken the true way. I have inherited the soul I recognized in him.

If we begin by so small a thing as mere forbearance, tolerating each others's souls, admitting that they also may have a light and life-

impulse of their own, we shall soon grow interested and involved in their creative work, finding it a revelation of something new, something beyond ourselves, yet akin to us; before long, instead of hinder- the soul in each other, we shall learn to help it, and each will grow rich and rejoice in the gain of every other; for all real gain is for us all. The sense of each others' souls is the first revelation of peace. It was this that the Galilean came to teach, this and no other was the light shining in darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not.

We may come to understand the matter in this way: the greatest of all poets has created and put on record for us a thousand men and women, great and gifted, wise or witty, sorrowful or sublime. We can each of us read ourselves into the life of all of them, understanding every thought and emotion of them all, entering perfectly into their inmost hearts until we become one with them. We grow and add new powers to our souls with each added understanding; yet after we have assimilated all, all remains quite unimpaired for all that shall come after us; and, finally, we do not try to dictate to Hamlet, to lay down the law for Lear, to reason with Romeo or Macbeth; we are satisfied that each should be himself, and follow his own genius.

Something like this we should do in life, but with the immense advantage that we are dealing with living souls, touching them direct, entering into them by intuition. Only tolerance and good-will are needed to make us infinitely rich in immediate spiritual power, gained thus from the exhaustless treasure-house of man. Thus we learn that intuition, the impulse of the will which leads us to each others' souls, is the real guide of human life, an immediate divine revelation. Reason is as powerless to teach us human truth as it was to teach us the reality of the world. We are in the hands of a wiser power than reason, if we would only follow its leading. We are in the hands of the creative will.

To be continued.

THE LIVING TIDE.

And India's mystics sang aright,
Of the One Life pervading all,—
One being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—
Eternal outflow and recall.

Whittier.

We have seen that with all the endless, and seemingly sportive, variety of Nature, there is a steadfastness and truth which never deceives us. No two pebbles may be precise duplicates, no two blades of grass exactly alike; yet from the geometric balance of the crystal, and from the unfolding of the blade, we may learn the laws of foundation and of vesture. A seemingly small cup of knowledge presented to us in this weird and wonderful journey of life, may be of fathomless depth, may be the mighty ocean of truth itself. Despise not the patient worker in the fields of Nature: he may not pose as a philanthropist; his look may seem to be bent upon the ground; his nose may not be uptilted to the sky; he may not patter about things "spiritual," about "buddhi-manas" and "brotherhood," or the "gospel," but *intelligent* work is never lost, and, in the far future, when the sheaves are gathered in, he will be found to have done his part.

No one can deny that, at least in large part, worlds are formed and clothed according to laws that are working at our doorsteps, and that these laws have so worked for untold ages. Yet somehow there has been a feeling that there must have been a time when these principles of action did not hold good; when the machinery of nature needed starting or winding up. So we find in mediaeval theology the idea of a personal God, contriving complicated details, and deciding beforehand the order in which the whole structure shall be developed.

On the other hand there is the school which emphasizes the mechanical side of evolution, which can find in the primaeval fire mist nothing but the bare mechanical and chemical possibilities of rarified matter. While properly denying the dogmatic assumptions of the clerical school, these other extremists label as "unknowable" whatever cannot be fitted, to mechanical explanations of aggregation

and differentiation, and to the idea of the survival of the fittest of many purely accidental variations.

Now the question arises: Does our door-yard fail us here? Its pebbles and soil teach us the secrets of chemistry and of the growth and decay of continents. The sunbeam that flickers on the fence thrills with the life of a star. Have the weeds at our feet, or the creatures which creep or flutter about us, no laws of growth, from apparent nothingness into complexity, which may teach us of the birth and growth of worlds?

Point if you can to a single instance where Nature has led us astray by bringing us to any blank wall not created by our own imagination; or to any law for the small which does not also apply to the great.

It is agreed of course that at some time there was no earth, no sun; nothing but formless space; filled with "ether," "fire-mist," or matter in some condition too primitive and rarified even to be called fire-mist. Is it certain that we must resort to a personal God on the one hand, or purely mechanical theories on the other, to account for the unfolding of life and form?

Let us consider a germ cell of either plant or animal. It is as nothing compared with the finished structure. No microscope can find in the formless contents of this tiny speck even a hint of the complex and conscious mechanism which that cell will evolve. Yet somehow and somewhere about that germ there is that which will select and reject, which will guide the tides of life and build them into corridors and chambers, planned beforehand on some airy trestleboard.

This miracle is so familiar that we slight it, and fancy we must have some new "dispensation" of Providence when it comes to guiding the growth of a world.

Now is it unthinkable that the dooryard miracle will do for a planet also? Each living thing leaves an invisible pattern of itself as a guide for a new cycle of life. The parent structure melts away into air or sea and the germ may float long, before it expends from an unseen life into that which we call real.

Is it quite certain that there are no world-germs? Why should not the fire-mist contain the "promise and potency of every form of life" in a fuller sense than as a mere storehouse of matter and energy? Why should not an etheric sphere, or center, unseen by "scopes" of any kind, be charged with the guidance of a future planet through all its stages, as it builds its fiery pabulum, first into the rough sketch of a world; then into tree-fern and trilobite, mammoth and Man?

SOME HINTS AND A MORAL.

> "Form a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, without any regard to the circumstances of race, creed, color, sex, or social standing, otherwise caste.
>
> "Promote the study of Sanscrit and other scriptures, which record man's highest aspiration at all times and in all countries.
>
> "Investigate the hidden operations of nature under every possible aspect, especially the mental, psychic and spiritual powers, always present, yet not always apparent or even working, in all human beings, from the idiot to the sage, from the most degraded victim of self-indulgence to the saint."

Thus runs our Theosophical legend. And there hardly can be found one word too much or too little in the above wording.

Let us take and examine the three clauses one by one.

True Brotherhood of man still is such a very remote possibility, that I hardly have the buoyancy to talk about it. It seems more adequate just at present to discuss the more superficial and so more common ties of friendship. To avoid possible misunderstanding, this is what I mean by friendship: *a fairly active fellow feeling between people, based on a more or less right understanding of each other's character, and therefore motives and needs.*

Of assumed or merely presumed friendship the world is full, yet the real thing is about as rare as a blue-eyed negro. And no one will contradict the statement that the fundamental difference of race is next to fatal to its existence. What Englishman is not inclined to believe that most Russians are liars, and savages, and drunkards? What Russian is not almost pleased to hear that an Englishman is not merely a drunkard, but grasping as well, and impudent, and treacherous? And the worst of this sort of compliments is that they are equally degrading for either side, being meat and drink to that false patriotism, which generally ends in national disaster. *Vide* the present doings in Transvaal.

Yet all this forms a daily stock on the international market, in spite of the Governments and Kings forming double, triple and quadruple alliances.

Under abnormal circumstances, a Bengali, a Chinaman, and a Polish Jew may live in the same house, talk the same language—a kind of distorted American for the most part—they may even wear the same clothes. But they never will see into each other's hearts unless in thought and feeling, they stop being Bengali, Chinese and Polish Jew, to become broadly human. That sounds simple enough, yet long centuries will pass before anything of the sort is accomplished.

And so anybody can see how important it is for us, the few who still aspire to the lugubrious career of a true Theosophist, to be able to disregard questions of *race*.

Of the remaining circumstances, *color* and *creed* greatly depend upon race. A man of the Mongol race is yellow. A man of the Caucasian race, with its two great branches, the Indo-European and the Semite, is always more or less white. But there exists an almost infinite variety of gradations of shade in man's skin, not altogether dependent on a man's acknowledged race, which are most important as factors of human sympathies and antipathies.

Then again race and creed are very closely connected. Such a dinstinctly racial characteristic as, for instance, the shape of a man's skull has greatly to do with a man's religion. Broadly speaking, in Europe a long oval skull is almost invariably a sign of of a protestant, a Norwegian, a Swede, in fact any distinct Teuton. On the contrary, a short, very round skull speaks of the Catholic faith, in Spain, France or part of Ireland. But from an ethnographical point of view, this study presents more difficulties than any other, because, in the course of history, religion has been only too often forced upon people, either by military conquests or by promise of worldly gain. And matters got so mixed up in this most important question of a man's faith, that nowadays there are lots of men, whose official religion is a question of policy, of convenience, even of chance. As a man stands now, in any civilized city of Asia, Europe and America, his racial temperament can not be said to have much influence on the address of the temple or church, where he occasionally worships.

Therefore, creed and color, though connected with race, are not identical with it, and so, it stands to reason, they had to be separately mentioned in the objects of the Theosophical movement.

At the point human evolution has now reached the question of *sex* is the most important of all. Usages of polite society require that on this subject an almost absolute silence should be kept. But the statistics of hospitals and insane asylums, of sickness and crime can easily demonstrate what a black cloud of selfishness and suffering, what a frightful distortion of every simple and natural instinct, what hopeless slavery of imagination and impotency of will lie at the bottom of this question of sex. We all have been brought up in more or less wrong ideas as to our rights, duties and privileges in sexual life. On this subject no mother would willingly talk to her children. And so our youthful notions about it are greatly, if not altogether, dependent on chance, otherwise called *bitter experience*. Unfortunately, as a rule, bitter experience does not become either bitter or experience until imagination has had ample time to learn tricks difficult to unlearn and body has acquired mechanical habits, which dwarf the wills of men and women generation after generation, maiming the freedom and dignity of their human lives.

What kind of true Brotherhood of Humanity can there exist in this world, when an eternal craving for sensation, let alone meaner factors of money and position, forever prompt men and women to dwell on their sexual differences? Common humanity and the possibility of common divinity of man and woman must be firmly established, and the question of sex must be forced back to its true basis of passive reproduction before Brotherhood of Humanity can truly knock at our doors.

In Europe and India and the Mussulman countries the question of social position or caste is a great difficulty indeed. In some countries it takes its root in that most ancient and most tenacious of all the cults—ancestor worship. In others, throughout Europe, it is a question of history, sometimes of race, always of romance and breeding. In fact, it is founded on powers which, though almost entirely gone out of the modern life, had true and lawful existence in the past, on social conditions which are not as yet altogether forgotten and which most people of a certain class feel reluctant to forget. As to America, where everybody was born yesterday, the difficulty of social position ought not to be allowed any existence at all.

But, with this exception, race, color, creed, sex and caste are equally serious impediments, lying on the path to the realization of the true Brotherhood of Humanity. So much for the first object of the Theosophical movement.

We must bear in mind that ancient books, Asiatic and otherwise, are often mere versions, perhaps unconscious borrowings or else honest translations of what we find best expressed in Sanskrit. Then again, Egypt and Assyria have as yet only partly yielded their secrets, and the ruined cities of ancient America hardly at all. We must not lose sight of all this, as of much else besides. But for the present our attention must be given almost exclusively to Sanskrit, at least for a while.

Sanskrit scriptures alone are well within our reach, and that in black and white, which certainly is an advantage over the hieroglyphics of the ruins of Palanqué and Babylonia. They alone speak to us in our own tongue, so to say. And what is more, they alone can immediately supply the most pressing needs of our day and generation, uplifting our imaginations, giving a worthy object to our vague aspirings, imparting to our sluggish moral life a new and powerful impetus.

When, in the fifteenth century, the Greek language penetrated the thick walls of mediæval ignorance, the face of Europe began to be changed throughout. At the time, many an accepted institution got its death-warrant: the too exclusive influence of clerical learning, the narrowness and bigotry of the ideal of monastic asceticism, the cruel haughtiness of the mighty and the base servility of the humble. Death was slow to come; in some instances it has not come yet. But all the same it was a death-warrant.

With the Renaissance, that is, the advent of Greek culture into the life of mediæval Europe, her nations received the new and powerful impetus they needed most of all. And what the art and letters of ancient Greece were, to mediæval Europe, that the Sanskrit literature, both sacred and lay, is destined to be for the generations coming immediately after us. This is no prophecy: only a logical conclusion, drawn from observation and careful study and comparison.

In fact I firmly believe that if there ever is a religion free and ardent, true and satisfying, a religion for which the hearts of humanity yearn, in the formation of it the material of the Sanskrit books

will have to be used over again. The Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gîtâ, the writings of Srî-Shankarâchârya, as well as the more specialized and so less beautiful ones of Gautama Buddha, Patanjali and Kapila,—surely the material offered is ample enough, the imagery striking and speaking enough, and the inspiration pure enough.

For the sake of readers who may be new to this kind of literature, I must state that not for a moment do I recommend to adopt Sanskrit metaphysics for our new religion. Not at all. That part of Sanskrit literature, to which I allude above, is grand, I may say it is divine; but should we do so, such act would be nothing short of a calamity.

What I mean is that, finding an impulse in the true spirituality of the Sanskrit religious literature—of course, not neglecting any other sacred writings that may come within our reach and consciousness—and making a stepping stone of its imagery, we should gradually construct something new, something that would be a natural outcome of our age and genius.

Of course we ourselves must supply the creative ability and the will to build.

So much for the second object of the Theosophical movement.

Now to the third: Investigating the secret operations of Nature under any aspect at all—let alone all the possible aspects—seems at first sight almost an impossibility for people who live in cities, whose eyes, therefore, are untrained to observe the free things of nature. But even in the case of such people good-will can accomplish much. A man can always penetrate into some secrets of true nature simply by investigating, in a true spirit, the properties of the very materials he is working at, whether wood, gold or electricity, and of the powers he uses at his work. I shall try and make my thought clearer by an illustration.

I have a friend who is an engineer. He has worked in the same line for over twenty years and has achieved a great reputation as a builder of railway bridges; and he says he has come to the conclusion that it is possible to treat iron—his chief material—adequately, only by *taking it to be a force,* and not a form of solid matter. To him, iron is a force. It is a force capable of such and such transmutations of energy, of such and such modifications under certain treatment; a force which is liable to act either in a centripetal or a centrifugal

way, all of which will result in a visible contraction or expansion of the bridge he is building.

Don't you see how very suggestive this thought is? Why, it almost seems that the whole aspect of the Universe would change for us, if only we could change *our* attitude towards it,—our point of view.

About the exploration of mental, psychic and spiritual powers latent in man, much has been written and still more said. There always was a tendency amongst Theosophists of all countries and factions to suspect, in this part of the objects, a lurking element of danger. So far as I have understood, the fear was vaguely divided between a "black magician" and a "spook." What was the nature of this danger and how far it went was never quite clearly defined, but tampering with the "hidden powers latent in man" was distinctly discouraged. There even was some talk, at one time, of abolishing that part of the objects altogether.

In the meanwhile, it got somehow overlooked that investigating the psychic powers of man—let alone his *spiritual* powers—meant much more than dealing with black magicians and spooks. Far more, as the heart of things goes.

Of course, all such things as hypnotism, spiritualistic phenomena and psychometry have a certain function in our education. And as such, they are worth running some risk for, at least. So that I, for one, would be the last person to hold a man back from a spiritualistic seance for fear a spook may jump at him and frighten him. Psychism is not much, but whoever wants to know anything about the exact build of the human machine has to know something of psychism as well—and that, danger or no danger.

But as I have already said, investigating latent powers of man means far more than this. It means a constant study, observation and analysis of all the workings of your thought, your imagination, your memory. It means trying to realise the exact state of your consciousness when you are asleep. It also means correlating your outward activity to your inner impulse. But above all, it means learning to control both.

In fact, investigating "mental, psychic and spiritual powers, always present, but not always apparent or working in human beings," is a task that which we cannot hope to accomplish even in a life time.

For it truly amounts to no less a thing than the final mastery of the higher over the lower man.

So much for our third object.

When you come to consider it, all the three objects of the Theosophical movement are equally important. But the first clause contains their true aim, whereas the two others suggest the most adequate means to attain that aim.

To recapitulate:

The human race can never reach its highest perfection until a true Brotherhood of Humanity is established throughout the world, on firm grounds.

This can not be done so long as man remains ignorant of all that is most sublime and grand in his own religious aspiration, Christian, Mussulman or so-called Heathen. Neither can the true Brotherhood of Humanity be established before we get thoroughly acquainted with all the factors—material, psychic, mental and spiritual—the outcome of which constitutes a human being. For if you do not understand yourself—and at present you don't, there is no doubt about that—how can you understand your brother? And, without the precise knowledge of your brother's true character, his motives, his needs, his possibilities, brotherhood is mere sentimental gush, not capable of standing the severe tests of life.

So much for the hints.

Moral: do not say "Oh, I wish I could do something for Theosophy," but quietly and unassumingly try to realize some of its objects, and you will find your work cut out for you for many centuries to come.

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3d. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

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